

Frank B. Ford
GREENE STREET ARTISTS' BUILDING
5225 Greene Street
Philadelphia, PA 19144-2927
(215)848-7385

Avia Morrissey

1) What the hell's the difference what I do? They froze me out of promotion and I'm finished! Where I have the means I'll help you, where I don't I won't, so I'm sending you to Colgate. You may have wanted to go somewhere else, I don't know, but that's where I'm sending you. And don't...oh I can't talk to women since your mother died. Well, anyway, don't...well, be careful, if you do, uh do, uh what...uh-- anyway, be a nurse or something.

2) *Ah, love let us be true to one another!*

3) So she left me to screw some Grease-Bum, my Mother! Can you visualize it, them sliding around the greasy sheets?

4) Gee you're smart in most ways but in that way you're retarded.

5) Honey they send you right place. If you change, you betta fast! If you don't, you bettah bettah stay same!

Down here, everythings go so down, even sex don't help none down here.

- 6) *Madonna oda wombah blundada.*
- 7) NO RECORDS EXIST FOR THE AFORENAMED OFFICER
- 8) *Wombah blundada automatique!*
- 9) *Madonna ada wombah blundada! Saintah Saintah!*
- 10) *MITZ-IH-IN-KUH! -KUH! -KUH!*

NOTES

- 1) From phone conversation, Captain Brandon Morrissey, United States Navy, about to be retired.
- 2) Matthew Arnold, and unnamed literature instructor, who, allusion-crammed, couldn't erect at critical juncture. For Avia, no critical juncture.
- 3) Avia couldn't visualize.
- 4) Again, Lucy Eccles, roommate.
- 5) Mona Many, drunken nurse in Susseluh-land who served The Gentle People. Drove a Jawa motorcycle even more battered.
- 6) The Madonna with the wooden dick. Reference to the crude machine of monkeywood, Avia cranked up with a galonna-shell handle in order to demonstrate The Rubber to Susseluh-land women as blank as she.
- 7) Morrissey, his captain's hat cocked, died at halftime in the bar of the Naval Officers' Club in San Diego after repetitively shouting "Go Army!" Army went on to lose 16-7. Since only the navy knew they were related, and it lost him, Avia was never notified of his decease. (Small estate ended up at Bide-a-Bit, where he had been drying out as she graduated Colgate in Public Health.)

8) In a moonswept clearing on an achingly gorgeous evening the machine very slowly elevated itself as Avia slept. Thereafter an entourage moaned after her on her rounds-- scattered frequently by the careening Mona Many on her rusty Jawa. (The *automatique* is a linguistic remnant from a French occupation from 1884-1911)

9) The madonna *without* the wooden dick! A double saint! What The Burning-Patch People screamed as they rushed by her to throw themselves into the volcano. Had viciously elbowed aside The Gentle People along with their obscenity-spouting nurse, sans defunct cycle. Had been forcing Avia up and up the burning slope, their charred sores smoking. When it seemed they would hurl her in, she flung away the ascension device, and huge prophylactic, separately. Despite the flare-ups of sulphurous fumes, it proved the right thing.

10) Exclaim today's young women after conferring for hours on end in her hammock with Saintah Saintah Avia. (A guttural-fricative-click-spit: most tortured outcry of Susseluh-landian sexual frustration.)